



MISSION for HEROES

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**ALSO ON SALE NOW
FOR WAR THRILLS... ACTION... DRAMA...**

WAR PICTURE LIBRARY

No. 289—LAST CAMPAIGN

No. 290—FINLAY'S FURIES



The old Colonel had fought in too many wars but valour, leadership and self-sacrifice are qualities that can never die.



The two regiments had been feuding for years—but in the heat of battle, a bond of comradeship was welded between them.

ALSO ON SALE NOW :—

No. 288—THE HIDDEN STRENGTH

Next month's **FOUR** thrilling **WAR PICTURE LIBRARY** issues, on sale 4th June, are :—

No. 292—UNDAUNTED
No. 293—THE LIONHEARTS

No. 294—FLOATING BOMB
No. 295—OPERATION DOOMSDAY

Mission for Heroes

THEY WERE THREE HEROES, THE BRAVEST MEN IN THE FIGHTING SERVICES. THEY EACH HAD A MEDAL TO PROVE IT, THE HIGHEST AWARD FOR VALOUR THEIR COUNTRY COULD GIVE THEM. TEAMED UP, THEY SHOULD HAVE BEEN INVINCIBLE BUT THAT WAS NOT THE WAY IT TURNED OUT...



Chapter 1. *IN ENEMY HANDS*

ONE DAY IN THE SPRING OF 1943, AT A CIVILIAN AIRFIELD IN SOUTHERN ENGLAND, AN EXPERIMENTAL FIGHTER-BOMBER TOOK OFF ON A TEST FLIGHT.

CONTROL TO VSW-TWO.
CIRCUIT CLEAR FOR
TAKE-OFF!

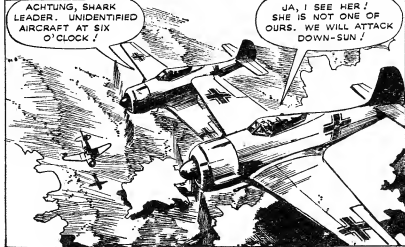
I HOPE SHE
DOESN'T RUN INTO
ANY TROUBLE, MINISTER!
THE JERRIES WOULD GIVE
THEIR EYE-TEETH TO GET
HOLD OF THE SECRETS
BUILT INTO THAT
KITE!



HIGH IN THE SUNLIT SKY SOUTH OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT, TWO FOCKE-WULF 190s WERE RETURNING FROM A SWEEP ALONG THE ENGLISH COAST.

ACHTUNG, SHARK
LEADER. UNIDENTIFIED
AIRCRAFT AT SIX
O'CLOCK!

JA, I SEE HER!
SHE IS NOT ONE OF
OURS. WE WILL ATTACK
DOWN-SUN!



THE GERMAN FIGHTERS STREAKED DOWN ON THE VSW-2, THEIR CANNON SHELLS RAKING ALONG ITS FUSELAGE...



I HAVE
NAILED HER,
SHARK LEADER!
ACH... BUT SHE
ROLLS AWAY
SO FAST!

INJURED BY FLYING SPLINTERS,
THE TEST PILOT WRENCHED THE
EXPERIMENTAL AIRCRAFT AROUND
IN A RIVET-STRAINING TURN.

UGH! THAT'S ONE LESSON
LEARNED... THE VSW'S GOT A
BLIND SPOT... AND THOSE
BANDITS FOUND IT!

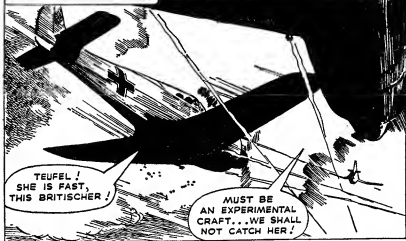


AS THE TEST PILOT DIVED AND
CLIMBED HE GAINED A BRIEF
RESPIRE FROM THE HUNGRY GUNS
OF THE GERMAN PLANES.

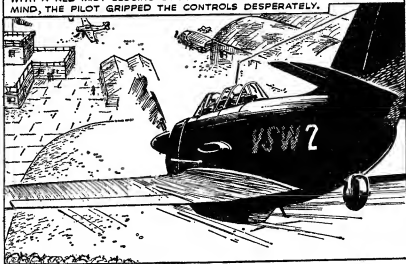
MY INSTRUMENTS ARE SHOT TO
PIECES AND I'M LOSING TOO
MUCH BLOOD... BUT I MUST PUT
HER DOWN IN ONE PIECE
BEFORE I PASS OUT...

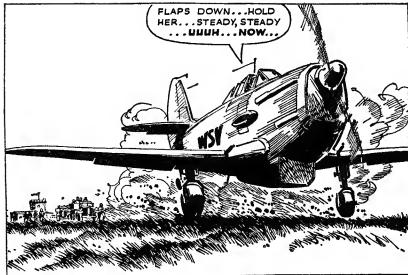


THE GERMAN FIGHTERS MADE A SECOND VICIOUS ATTACK, BUT THE VSW-2 WAS FASTER AND MORE MANOEUVRABLE EVEN THAN ITS FORMIDABLE OPPONENTS.



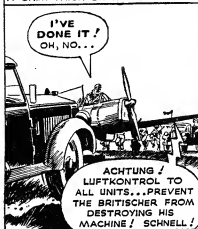
WITH A RED MIST CLOSING OVER HIS EYES AND PAIN CLOGGING HIS MIND, THE PILOT GRIPPED THE CONTROLS DESPERATELY.





THE VSW-2 SLAMMED TO A HALT, INTACT. THE PILOT HAD DONE HIS JOB, BUT FATE HAD PLAYED A GRIM TRICK ON HIM...

THE VSW-2 HAD FLOWN SOUTH FROM THE ISLE OF WIGHT. THE AIRFIELD WAS IN THE GERMAN-OCCUPIED CHANNEL ISLANDS...



ACHTUNG !
LUFTKONTROL TO ALL UNITS...PREVENT THE BRITISCHER FROM DESTROYING HIS MACHINE ! SCHNELL !



NO, YOU DON'T, ENGLANDER !

AFTER A BRAVE BUT VAIN ATTEMPT TO DESTROY HIS AIRCRAFT, THE BRITISH PILOT COLLAPSED. THE GERMANS WERE ELATED...

THE PILOT MUST HAVE BEEN TOO BADLY WOUNDED TO SEE THAT HIS COMPASS WAS DAMAGED.

WHAT A STROKE OF LUCK! THE LATEST BRITISH EXPERIMENTAL FIGHTER-BOMBER AND ALL ITS SECRETS!

THAT NIGHT IN THE OFFICERS MESS NEAR THE LUFTWAFFE AIRFIELD, SHARP EARS LISTENED TO THE GERMANS' TALK...

THE KOMMANDANT IS HAVING THE BRITISH AIRCRAFT REPAIRED SO THAT IT CAN BE FLOWN DIRECT TO BERLIN IN SIX DAYS TIME FOR INSPECTION BY—

SSSH, KARL. YOU FORGET THE MESS WAITER IS AN ISLANDER...

WITHIN MINUTES OF HIS GOING OFF DUTY THE MESS WAITER WAS RELAYING HIS NEWS TO ENGLAND...

A BRITISH AIRCRAFT HAS CRASH-
LANDED ON GUERNSEY... TYPE
UNKNOWN. THE GERMANS INTEND
TO FLY IT TO GERMANY...



THE AGENT'S SIGNAL CAUSED CONSTERNATION IN LONDON.

ONE THING IS CERTAIN, WE MUST GET THE VSW-TWO OUT OF GERMAN HANDS BEFORE THEIR EXPERTS CAN GET ITS SECRETS!



SQUADRON-LEADER TROY WON'T FAIL, SIR... AND HE'S THE MAN WE PROPOSE TO USE ON THIS MISSION...

THE MAN THE AIR MINISTRY HAD CHOSEN TO RECOVER THE VSW-2 WAS SQUADRON-LEADER GIL TROY OF Bomber Command, LEADER OF A LANCASTER SQUADRON.

CONTROL TO E-EASY...
TOP PRIORITY. SQUADRON
LEADER TROY TO RETURN
TO BASE ON RECEIPT OF
THIS SIGNAL...REPEAT,
RETURN TO BASE.

E-EASY
TO CONTROL
...ROGER.



GIL TROY'S HARD-DRIVEN AIRCREW BREATHED A SIGH OF RELIEF WHEN THE SIGNAL CAME THROUGH FROM BASE...

THE SKIPPER WON'T LIKE TURNING BACK SHORT OF THE TARGET.

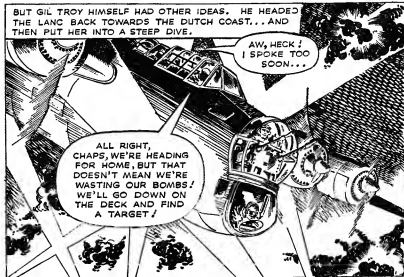
NO, BUT I'M NOT COMPLAINING! CREWING FOR A DEATH-OR-GLORY BOY IS NO RES' CURE!



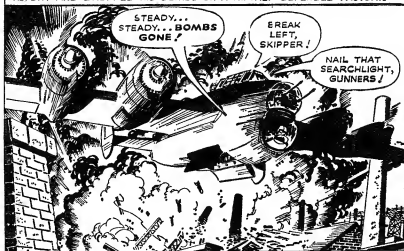
BUT GIL TROY HIMSELF HAD OTHER IDEAS. HE HEADED THE LANC BACK TOWARDS THE DUTCH COAST... AND THEN PUT HER INTO A STEEP DIVE.

AW, HECK!
I SPOKE TOO SOON...

ALL RIGHT, CHAPS, WE'RE HEADING FOR HOME, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN WE'RE WASTING OUR BOMBS! WE'LL GO DOWN ON THE DECK AND FIND A TARGET!



WITH COOL PRECISION TROY TOOK THE LANC DOWN TO ROOF-TOP HEIGHT AND DROPPED HIS BOMBS ON A HEAVILY-DEFENDED FACTORY.



AS THE LANC CLIMBED OUT OF THE INFERNO OF FLAK, GIL TROY GLANCED CONTEMPTUOUSLY AT HIS TAUT-FACED CREW.



FOUR HOURS LATER, E-EASY LANDED AT ITS BASE IN LINCOLNSHIRE. GIL TROY'S WING COMMANDER MET HIM.

YOU'RE WANTED AT THE AIR MINISTRY, GIL! SOUNDS LIKE THEY'VE GOT SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR YOU!

IT'S ABOUT TIME THEY GAVE ME A MAN-SIZED JOB!

AT THE CONFERENCE GIL TROY ATTENDED IN LONDON NEXT DAY, HE WAS GIVEN A FREE HAND.

YOUR TASK WILL BE TO FLY THE EXPERIMENTAL PLANE BACK TO ENGLAND, TROY! WE'LL BE GUIDED BY YOU AS TO WHAT SORT OF FIGHTING UNIT YOU TAKE...

WELL, SIR...

SQUADRON LEADER TROY'S REQUIREMENTS FOR THE SPECIAL MISSION WERE STARTLING...

GIVE ME JUST TWO OTHER MEN BESIDES MYSELF...A SOLDIER AND A SEAMAN!* BUT I WANT THE BEST YOU'VE GOT!



AT THE WAR OFFICE, GIL TROY'S STRANGE DEMAND WAS SWIFTLY MET...

BUT SERGEANT WEST IS IN NORTH AFRICA, GENERAL!

NEVER MIND, COLONEL. THEY WANT OUR BRAVEST INFANTRYMAN...AND THE CITATIONS SAY THAT WEST IS THE MAN!



THE SIGNAL FROM LONDON WAS TRANSMITTED TO THE FRONT LINE IN TUNISIA...

FORWARD, THE FOURTH! KEEP WITH ME!

SERGEANT WEST? HE'S OUT IN FRONT —AS ALWAYS?



SERGEANT TOM WEST WAS POISED FOR THE FINAL ATTACK ON THE RIDGE WHEN THE MESSAGE REACHED HIM.

BUT WE'VE GOT TWO HUNDRED YARDS TO GO. I CAN'T LEAVE MY BLOKES NOW...

SORRY, SARGE, ORDERS FROM B.H.Q... YOU'RE TO BE FLOWN BACK TO BLIGHTY TONIGHT.



MEANWHILE, THE NAME OF THE SEAMAN GIL TROY HAD ASKED FOR WAS DUG FROM THE ADMIRALTY FILES.

THE SABRE IS ESCORTING CONVOY PQ-ZERO-ONE—WEST OF WOLF ROCK, ADMIRAL. OUTWARD BOUND!

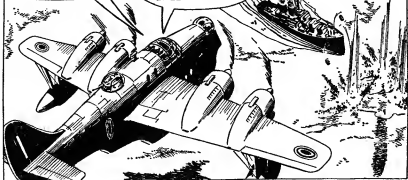
I SEE—THEN WE'LL HAVE TO ASK COASTAL COMMAND FOR A SUNDERLAND TO TAKE LEXHAM OFF.



FIVE HOURS LATER, A COASTAL COMMAND SUNDERLAND REACHED CONVOY PQ-ZERO-ONE AND HER ESCORT OUT IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC.

THE SABRE, SKIPPER. LOOKS AS THOUGH SHE'S GOT A U-BOAT!

TRUST LEXHAM TO BE IN THE THICK OF IT! BY ALL ACCOUNTS, HE'S A REGULAR BALL OF FIRE!



WHEN THE CALL CAME TO HIM, LIEUTENANT PETER LEXHAM WAS ZEROING AN OERLIKON ON THE U-BOAT THAT SABRE HAD DRIVEN TO THE SURFACE.

HERE'S THE SUNDERLAND TO TAKE YOU OFF, NUMBER ONE!

HECK! JUST WHEN WE'D GOT IN AMONG THAT WOLF PACK! THAT JOB THEY WANT ME FOR HAD BETTER BE GOOD, THAT'S ALL I CAN SAY!



Mission for Heroes

AT DUSK NEXT DAY...

THIS WAY, LEXHAM...
THE OTHER TWO HAVE
ALREADY ARRIVED.

AH, HERE'S THE NAVY
BLOKE, CORP. YOU TAKE
A GOOD LOOK AT THEM
WHEN WE ESCORT HIM
INTO THE CONFERENCE
ROOM...



OKAY, SARGE, A
SOLDIER, AN
AIRMAN, AND
A SEAMAN.
WHAT'S SO
SPECIAL ABOUT
THEM?

THEY'VE ALL
GOT A BIT OF
RED RIBBON
ON THEIR
CHEST, CORP...
THEY'RE ALL
V.C.s!

FROM THE BATTLEFRONTS OF A
WORLD AT WAR, THEY HAD BEEN
GATHERED TOGETHER TO
UNDERTAKE A DESPERATE MISSION.
—A MISSION FOR HEROES.

LEXHAM...WEST, WE'VE GOT
A TOUGH JOB AHEAD OF US—AND
WE THREE ARE THE ONLY MEN
WHO CAN DO IT!



Chapter 2. THE SURVIVOR

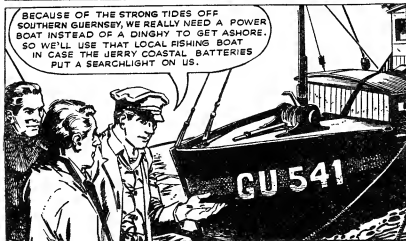
THE NIGHT BEFORE THE VSW-2 WAS TO LEAVE GUERNSEY, THE THREE HEROES BOARDED A DESTROYER IN PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD.

WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY IN AN HOUR'S TIME, CHAPS. SHALL WE RUN THROUGH THE PLAN AGAIN, LEX?

RIGHT, GIL! THE DESTROYER WILL DROP US TEN MILES OFF THE COAST AN HOUR BEFORE DAWN.



BECAUSE OF THE STRONG TIDES OFF SOUTHERN GUERNSEY, WE REALLY NEED A POWER BOAT INSTEAD OF A DINGHY TO GET ASHORE. SO WE'LL USE THAT LOCAL FISHING BOAT IN CASE THE JERRY COASTAL BATTERIES PUT A SEARCHLIGHT ON US.



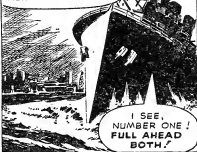
WE SCUTTLE THE BOAT OFF-SHORE, SWIM TO THE BEACH, TREK INLAND TO THE AIRFIELD. LIE LOW THERE TILL THE JERRIES ARE READY TO FLY OFF THE PLANE.



RIGHT, LEX... THEN WE GRAB THE AIRCRAFT AND FLY IT BACK TO ENGAND!

AS THE DESTROYER NOSED OUT OF THE DOCKYARD AND HEADED DOWN THE SOLENT, A SIGNAL REACHED HER.

SIGNAL, SIR. THERE'S A COASTAL FREIGHTER UNDER AIR ATTACK SOUTH OF PORTLAND BILL. WE'RE TO COMPLETE OUR MISSION FIRST, THEN GO TO HER ASSISTANCE...



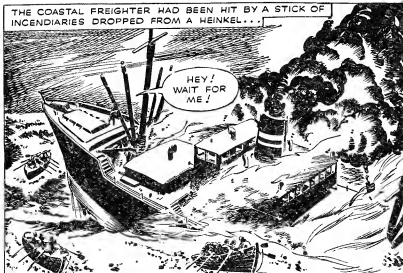
I SEE, NUMBER ONE! FULL AHEAD BOTH!

LOOK AT THAT GLARE ON THE HORIZON, SKIPPER. IT MUST BE THAT FREIGHTER ON FIRE!



YES, NUMBER ONE. BY THE TIME WE DROP OUR PASSENGERS OFF GUERNSEY AND GET BACK TO HER, IT'LL BE JUST A MATTER OF PICKING UP SURVIVORS.

THE COASTAL FREIGHTER HAD BEEN HIT BY A STICK OF INCENDIARIES DROPPED FROM A HEINKEL...



ABLE SEAMAN WALLY BROWN HAD BEEN LEFT BEHIND WHEN THE BOATS WERE LOWERED. HE WAS ALONE ON THE BLAZING HULK...



OH HECK! THE SEA'S COVERED IN BURNING OIL! IF I HAD THE NERVE, I'D DIVE THROUGH IT AND SWIM OUT UNDERWATER, BUT I'M NO FLIPPIN' HERO!

THE LITTLE DECKHAND WAS PARALYSED BY FEAR, BUT A FALLING SPAR BROKE HIS GRIP AND SWEEPED HIM INTO THE WATER.



STILL MIRACULOUSLY ALIVE, BUT ONLY HALF-CONSCIOUS, WALLY BROWN CLUNG LIKE GRIM DEATH TO A CHARRED FLOAT AND DRIFTED HELPLESSLY INTO THE LONELY DARKNESS.



A FEW HOURS LATER, THE DESTROYER MOVED OFF THE SOUTH COAST OF GUERNSEY TO DROP ITS THREE PASSENGERS...



OKAY, CAPTAIN... THANKS FOR THE RIDE!

GOOD LUCK, SQUADRON LEADER!

THE DESTROYER'S CREW WATCHED THE FISHING BOAT SAIL AWAY INTO THE DARKNESS WITH MINGLED RESPECT AND AWE...



THEY'LL NEED
SOME LUCK! YOU
WOULDN'T GET ME ON
A DEATH-OR-GLORY
CAPER LIKE THAT!

AH, BUT THOSE
THREE AREN'T JUST
ORDINARY BLOKES
LIKE YOU OR ME,
GINGER — THEY'RE
V.C.s!

FORTY MINUTES LATER...



NOT LONG
NOW, CHAPS.

LEX,
THERE'S SOMETHING
AHEAD...PORT SIDE.
BINOCULARS, TOM,
QUICKLY...

GIL TROY STEADIED THE BINOCULARS, THEN A GASP ESCAPED HIS LIPS AS HE SAW THE FIGURE IN THE SEA.

IT'S NOT A BOAT, IT'S—NEVER MIND, IT'S NOT A JERRY CRAFT. KEEP THE THROTTLE OPEN, LEX!



HELP! HELP!
I CAN'T HANG ON
MUCH LONGER!
HELP ME...
PLEASE!

HERE, GIL,
THAT'S A MAN OUT
THERE...CLINGING TO
A FLOAT. HEAD
TOWARDS HIM,
LEX!



SQUADRON LEADER TROY HAD DELIBERATELY TRIED TO SAIL PAST THE SURVIVOR. HE HAD HIS REASONS...

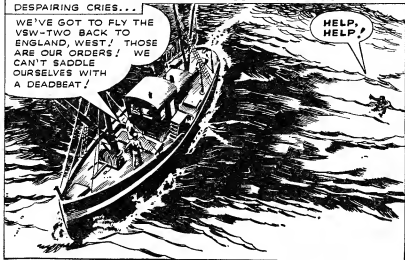
NO! I SAID HOLD YOUR COURSE, LEX! WE CAN'T STOP FOR ANYONE OR ANYTHING... THE MISSION COMES FIRST!

BUT YOU CAN'T LET THE POOR DEVIL DROWN, GIL. WE'VE GOT TO PICK HIM UP...

GIL TROY'S STEEL NERVES WERE PROOF AGAINST THOSE DESPAIRING CRIES...

WE'VE GOT TO FLY THE VSW-TWO BACK TO ENGLAND, WEST! THOSE ARE OUR ORDERS! WE CAN'T SADDLE OURSELVES WITH A DEADBEAT!

HELP,
HELP!



BUT SERGEANT TOM WEST WAS A SIMPLE AND WARM-HEARTED MAN, AS WELL AS A BRAVE ONE...

I'M NOT A MURDERER, TROY, AND THAT'S WHAT I'LL BE IF I LEAVE THAT POOR DEVIL TO DROWN!

I FEEL THE SAME WAY YOU DO, TOM! WE CAN PICK UP THIS CHAP AND STILL CARRY OUT THE MISSION, GIL.

GIL TROY TURNED CONTEMPTUOUSLY ON HIS HEEL. HIS VOICE WAS GRIM...

OKAY... YOU WIN! PICK HIM UP! BUT YOU MARK MY WORDS... TAKING A DEADBEAT WITH US IS GOING TO ENDANGER THE MISSION!

THE FISHING BOAT NOSED UP TO THE CHARRED FLOAT. TOM WEST AND PETER LEXHAM GRABBED THE SURVIVOR...

HERE, CHUM;
WE'VE GOT
YOU.

UHH... THANKS, WALLY BROWN IS THE NAME, DECKHAND ON A COASTAL FREIGHTER THAT WENT DOWN. HECK, I WAS SCARED...

WALLY BROWN WAS DRAGGED ABOARD, BUT GIL TROY MADE NO MOVE TO HELP...

HE'S NO DEADBEAT, TROY. HE'S JUST A HALF-DEAD SURVIVOR. AN ORDINARY BLOKE...



THAT'S WHAT I MEAN... HE'S ORDINARY...WITH ORDINARY NERVES AND ORDINARY FEARS! THIS MISSION WAS FOR THREE EXTRAORDINARY MEN...US!

THE THIN LITTLE MERCHANT SEAMAN STARED WIDE-EYED AT HIS RESCUERS...

HERE, WHO ARE YOU BLOKES? I THOUGHT YOU WERE ISLANDERS...



NO, WALLY, WE'RE BRITISH SERVICEMEN— AND WE'VE GOT A TOUGH JOB AHEAD OF US. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TO TAG ALONG AND DO AS YOU'RE TOLD!

BEWILDERED, BUT THANKFUL TO BE ALIVE, WALLY BROWN HELD HIS PEACE FOR THE BEST PART OF AN HOUR. THEN...

HERE,
WHAT ARE
YOU BLOKES
UP TO ?

SHUT UP, YOU !
CUT THE ENGINES,
LEX ! STAND BY THE
SEACOCK, TOM...
QUIETLY NOW...

ENGINES CUT, THE FISHING BOAT DRIFTED SILENTLY INTO A DARK BAY UNDER STEEP CLIFFS...

LOOK,
MATE, TELL ME
WHERE WE ARE,
AT LEAST...

KEEP
YOUR VOICE DOWN
THEN, WALLY, THIS IS
GUERNSEY IN THE CHANNEL
ISLANDS. THERE ARE JERRIES
ACROSS THE WATER THERE,
IN CASE YOU'D DIDN'T KNOW.

GIL TROY'S VOICE CUT ACROSS WALLY'S MUMBLED QUESTION LIKE A WHIPLASH...

JERRIES?

MY OATH, ARE YOU
COMMANDOS OR
SOMETHING...?

KEEP THAT
DEADBEAT QUIET,
WEST, OR I'LL PUT A
KNIFE IN HIM! I
MEAN IT! OPEN
THAT SEACOCK...
NOW...

THE FISHING BOAT BEGAN TO
SETTLE IN THE DARK WATERS OF
THE BAY...

COR!
WHAT'VE I
LET MYSELF
IN FOR?

I'LL TELL YOU,
DEADBEAT...YOU'VE
LET YOURSELF IN
FOR ONE OF THE
MOST DANGEROUS
MISSIONS OF
THE WAR! NOW
FOLLOW US...
AND SWIM!

THE BOAT'S
GOING, GIL...

YES, AND NO
SIGN OF JERRIES
YET! BUT I DON'T
LIKE THE LOOK
OF THAT SHADOW
UNDER THE CLIFFS
...IT'S TOO SQUARE
FOR A ROCK!

THE SHADOW UNDER THE CLIFF WAS A PILL-BOX OBSERVATION POST...AND SUDDENLY IT WAS ALIVE WITH LIGHTS AND GUTTURAL VOICES.

ACHTUNG!
WAS IST DAS?

THEY MUST
HAVE HEARD THE
BOAT GOING DOWN!
UP THE BEACH...AND
DON'T MAKE A
SOUND!

THE FOUR ENGLISHMEN WENT TO GROUND IN THE DARKNESS AT THE FOOT OF THE CLIFF AS THE SEARCHLIGHTS QUARTERED THE BAY...

COR, AM I SCARED!

BUT WHATEVER IT IS YOU GENTS
ARE UP TO, I'LL HELP YOU!

YOU...HELP
US? DON'T MAKE
ME LAUGH, DEADBEAT!

ALL YOU CAN DO IS
SCREW THOSE MISERABLE
NERVES OF YOURS TIGHT.
...AND WATCH US DOING
THE JOB WE CAME
TO DO...

Chapter 3. *HOSTILE LAND*

AT THAT MOMENT, A PLATOON OF GERMAN SOLDIERS CLATTERED ALONG THE CLIFF TOP.

ACHTUNG! ZWEI SECTION, SEARCH THE BEACH TO THE LEFT... DREI SECTION TO THE RIGHT! I WILL LOOK AROUND THE CLIFF FACE!

JAWOHL, HERR LEUTNANT!



GIL TRÓY TURNED SWIFTLY TO THE STEEP CLIFF FACE AND BECKONED TO THE OTHER THREE...

THEY'RE SPREADING OUT ALONG THE BEACH, GIL.

OKAY, SO WE'LL GO STRAIGHT UP THE CLIFF! KEEP WITH US, DEADBEAT...BUT BE QUIET!



AFTER TEN MINUTES OF HARD CLIMBING, PETER LEXHAM SUDDENLY FROZE...

I COULD HAVE
SWORN I HEARD
A BOAT...

WATCH IT, GIL...
A JERRY OFFICER,
ON THE LEDGE
OVER THERE!



THE GERMAN OFFICER WAS
FIFTEEN YARDS AWAY. FIFTEEN
YARDS OF SMOOTH AND
PERPENDICULAR ROCK, WITHOUT
A FOOTHOLD.

IF HE TURNS HIS TORCH THIS
WAY, WE'VE HAD IT! ONE OF
US HAS GOT TO
DEAL WITH HIM.



YOU'RE CRAZY,
GUV. NO-ONE COULD
GET ACROSS THERE!

WALLY BROWN GASPED AS THE
LEAN-FACED NAVAL OFFICER
STARTED OUT ON THAT TERRIFYING
JOURNEY WITH JUST A CASUAL
WHISPER...

OKAY, GIL...
THIS IS MY
JOB!



STONE
ME!

CLINGING BY TOE AND FINGERNAIL TO THE SHEER ROCK, PETER LEXHAM INCHED HIS WAY ACROSS THE CLIFF FACE...

TOE HOLD...
REACH FOR THE
NEXT CRACK.
TOE HOLD...



AT THE LAST MOMENT, LEX'S BOOT SCRAPED TOO LOUDLY ON THE ROCK. THE GERMAN WHEELED, GUN IN HAND...

TEUFEL...
WAS IST..?

TOO LATE,
SQUAREHEAD!



LEX LEAPT THE LAST SIX FEET AND STIFLED THE GERMAN'S SHOUT.

WE DON'T WANT YOUR PALS DOWN THERE BUTTING IN. THIS HAS GOT TO LOOK NATURAL!

UUUUH!



THE GERMAN STOOD NO CHANCE. HE HAD MET A MAN WITH NERVES AND HANDS OF STEEL...

SORRY, FRIEND — BUT IT'S YOU OR US!

NEIN!
NEIN!
EEEEEN!





AAGH !

HIMMEL !
THE LEUTNANT
FALLS !

LEX HAS
DONE IT !

LEX MADE THE TERRIFYING RETURN JOURNEY
SWIFTLY AND EASILY, REJOINING THE OTHERS
AS CASUALLY AS HE HAD LEFT THEM.

NICE
WORK, LEX.

COR, NICE
WORK, HE SAYS...
THAT WAS A
PERISHING
MIRACLE !

ALL RIGHT,
PANIC OVER...
LET'S GET
MOVING.



THE LAST NINETY FEET UP THE CLIFF FACE WERE A NIGHTMARE OF FEAR FOR WALLY BROWN.

COME ON, WALLY... I'VE GOT YOU.

UUGH... I NEVER THOUGHT I'D MAKE IT!

BUTTON YOUR LIP, DEADBEAT... AND HURRY! JERRY'S PUTTING A SPOTLIGHT ON THE CLIFF FACE.

BUT LEX HAD SILENCED THE GERMAN OFFICER JUST IN TIME...

HE MUST HAVE SLIPPED AND FALLEN FROM THE LEDGE! THERE IS NO-ONE ELSE UP THERE, THAT IS OBVIOUS!

AS THEY STRUCK INLAND, WALLY BROWN GAZED AT LIEUTENANT LEXHAM WITH AWED RESPECT.

I CAN SEE HOW THAT R.N. BLOKE GOT THE V.C.!

KEEP UP, WALLY. WE'VE GOT TO REACH THE AIRFIELD BY DAWN!





MAKING NO BID TO ESCAPE, THE FOUR ENGLISHMEN WERE THRUST ROUGHLY TOWARDS THE TRUCK...

ACH, SO THEY PLAY DUMB! WE WILL TAKE THEM TO HEADQUARTERS AND BEAT THE TRUTH OUT OF THEM THERE!

INTO THE TRUCK—
SCHNELL!



AS THE TRUCK COASTED ALONG THE ROAD, GIL WHISPERED URGENTLY TO HIS COMPANIONS...

LISTEN, WE'VE GOT TO MAKE THIS LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT, OR EVERY JERRY ON THE ISLAND WILL BE LOOKING FOR US! WATCH MY LEAD!

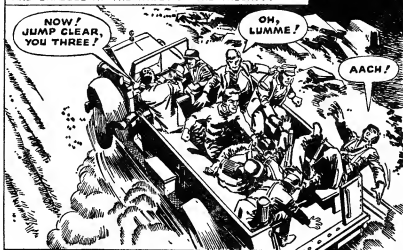


THREE MINUTES LATER, GIL FLUNG HIMSELF FORWARD AND GRABBED AT THE WHEEL OF THE TRUCK...

NOW!
JUMP CLEAR,
YOU THREE!

OH,
LUMME!

AACH!



TOM WEST, LEXHAM AND WALLY BROWN HIT THE ROAD HEAVILY AS THE TRUCK ROARED AWAY INTO THE DARKNESS...

WALLY...
ARE YOU
OKAY?

Y-YEAH...BUT
WHAT ABOUT MISTER
TROY? HE'S STILL IN
THAT TRUCK—ONE
AGAINST SIX!

DON'T YOU
WORRY ABOUT GIL.
HE'S FACED WORSE
ODDS THAN THAT!

SITTING RESOLUTELY BEHIND THE WHEEL OF THE TRUCK
GIL TOOK THE BLOWS THE GERMANS LEVELLED AT HIS
HEAD AND SHOULDERS...

NEIN, NOT
THE BULLETS!
USE THE GUN
BUTTS!

ACH! STOP
THE SWINE!

UUH...
I'VE GOT TO
WORK THE SPEED
UP...I'VE GOT TO
HANG ON...

GIL KEPT HIS FOOT JAMMED STUBBORNLY ON THE ACCELERATOR...

OKAY, WE'RE
GOING FAST
ENOUGH
NOW...

TEUFEL ! HE
IS A MADMAN !
KILL HIM !



WHERE THE ROAD CURVED ABOVE A TWENTY-FOOT EMBANKMENT, GIL WRENCHED THE TRUCK SIDWAYS.

SAY YOUR PRAYERS,
SQUAREHEADS...
NOW !

HIMMEL !



GIL LEAPED FROM THE TRUCK AS IT CATAPULTED OFF THE ROAD...



GIL TROY WAS NO ORDINARY MAN. HIS NERVES WERE CASE-HARDENED.

THEY DIED IN THE CRASH, POOR DEVILS! BUT WE COULDN'T RISK THEIR PALS KNOWING THAT WE'RE ON THE ISLAND.



THE OTHERS SOON REACHED THE SCENE OF THE WRECK...

GIL, ARE
YOU OKAY?

YES — BUT THE
JERRIES HAVE
BOUGHT IT!

WALLY BROWN HAD FRESH CAUSE FOR WONDER.

COR, HE TALKS BIG, THAT
ONE... BUT HE ACTS AS
BIG AS HE TALKS!

GIL, LOOK...
OVER THERE! THE
AIRFIELD!

THE THREE HEROES HAD NEARLY REACHED THEIR OBJECTIVE, BUT THE TRICKIEST PART OF THE MISSION LAY AHEAD.

WE'VE MADE IT! GIVE ME THE BINOCULARS, LEX...

THE VSW'S THERE ALL RIGHT, GIL—OUT ON THE TARMAC! WE'D BETTER MAKE TRACKS, IT'S ALMOST DAYLIGHT.



THERE WAS A WIRE PERIMETER FENCE AROUND THE AIRFIELD. THE FOUR ENGLISHMEN MOVED CAUTIOUSLY ALONG IT TO A POINT NEARER TO THE CAPTURED PLANE.

FOR PETE'S SAKE, KEEP DOWN, WALLY!





TWO GERMAN SOLDIERS PASSED NEAR THE FENCE. NEITHER OF THEM HEARD THE RUSTLE IN THE GRASS TEN YARDS AWAY...



VERY SLOWLY, PAUSING AND DUCKING EVERY TIME A GERMAN PASSED, TOM WEST CARRIED OUT THE NERVE-WRACKING TASK WITH IRON SELF-CONTROL.



WALLY BROWN'S NERVES WERE BREAKING UNDER THE STRAIN LONG BEFORE THE JOB WAS DONE.

HE'S ONLY A COUPLE OF FEET FROM THEIR BOOTS OUT THERE... MAYBE HE CAN STAND THE SUSPENSE BUT I'M BLOWED IF I CAN!

SHUT UP, DEADBEAT. OF COURSE TOM WEST CAN STICK IT, THAT'S WHY I CHOSE HIM!



AT LAST, TOM WEST TURNED AND RAISED A CAUTIOUS HAND...

GIL...
LEX...NOW!

COME ON! YOU TOO, DEADBEAT, DARN YOU!



WALLY BROWN WAS SHAKING WITH FEAR AS HE CRAWLED THROUGH THE NARROW GAP IN THE FENCE AFTER THE OTHERS.



I—I CAN'T GET THROUGH...I'M CAUGHT...

DON'T PANIC, WALLY. TAKE IT NICE AND STEADY...

BUT THEN WALLY BROWN WAS JUST AN ORDINARY MAN, NOT A HERO.

MAKE FOR THE HUT AHEAD! ANOTHER SOUND, DEADBEAT, AND IT'LL BE YOUR LAST!

IT'S MY LEGS—THEY'VE PACKED UP ON ME!

CALM DOWN, WALLY. I'VE GOT YOU.



A PETROL BOWSER WAS TRUNDLING TOWARDS THE CAPTURED BRITISH AIRCRAFT AS THE FOUR ENGLISHMEN REACHED THE SHELTER OF THE HUT.

FILL HER UP—SCHNELL! TAKE-OFF IS IN THIRTY MINUTES!

QUICK—INSIDE!



INSIDE THE HUT, WALLY BROWN LISTENED WITH AMAZEMENT TO THE BRIEF WORDS OF THE THREE SERVICEMEN...

SHE'S THERE, CHAPS... AND THE JERRIES ARE FILLING HER UP FOR US!

YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY... YOU'RE GOING TO GRAB THAT PLANE AND FLY IT OFF? IS THAT WHAT YOU CAME HERE FOR?



WALLY STARED AT THE THREE V.C.S IN HUMBLE ADMIRATION...

YOU WEREN'T KIDDING BACK THERE ON THE BEACH, MISTER TROY! YOU BLOKES... YOU'RE SUPERMEN!



Chapter 4. *THE BRAVEST OF ALL*

THE FOUR ENGLISHMEN HAD BEEN HIDING IN THE HUT FOR TWENTY MINUTES WHEN THEY HEARD THE PETROL BOWSER PULL AWAY FROM THE CAPTURED BRITISH PLANE.

THE TANKS ARE FULL !
YOU TWO IN THE GUARD
TRUCK... YOU WILL STAY
AND KEEP AN EYE ON
THE PLANE !

JAWOHL,
HERR
LEUTNANT!



THE TWO GUARDS DROVE THEIR TRUCK TOWARDS THE HUT IN WHICH THE ENGLISHMEN WERE HIDING, AND BRAKED OUTSIDE IT.

ACH, WE WILL TAKE
A FEW MINUTES OFF
WILLI. HERE, IN THE
HUT, WHERE THE
LEUTNANT WILL
NOT SEE US !

JA, KURT...
WE CAN KEEP AN
EYE ON THE PLANE
FROM HERE,
ANYWAY...



...AS THE TWO UNARMED GERMANS ENTERED THE DOORWAY...



BEFORE THE GERMANS HIT THE GROUND, GIL TROY WAS MOVING PAST THEM THROUGH THE DOORWAY.



LEX GRABBED THE WHEEL OF THE TRUCK. WALLY BROWN, GASPING WITH THE TENSION OF THE MOMENT, WAS LAST IN...

HEAD
FOR THE VSW,
LEX!

WE'RE GOING
TO MAKE IT,
GIL!

COME ON,
WALLY!

A PLATOON OF GERMAN SOLDIERS WAS GATHERING NEAR THE AIRFIELD'S CONTROL TOWER AS THE TRUCK ROARED TOWARDS THE CAPTURED BRITISH PLANE..

PILE OUT
FAST WHEN WE
GET THERE,
CHAPS!

DUTY PLATOON,
FALL IN! THE
KOMMANDANT WILL
BE ATTENDING
THE FLY-OFF!

BUT ONE OF THE TWO GERMANS LEFT IN THE HUT HAD NOT BEEN HIT HARD ENOUGH...

SABOTEURS!
I MUST WARN
THE GUARD!

EVEN AS THE TRUCK REACHED THE CAPTURED PLANE, THE GERMAN REACHED THE DOORWAY AND FIRED A PISTOL INTO THE AIR...

QUICK,
WALLY!

NO...WAIT
...OH HECK!

ACHTUNG!
ACHTUNG!
SABOTEURS!

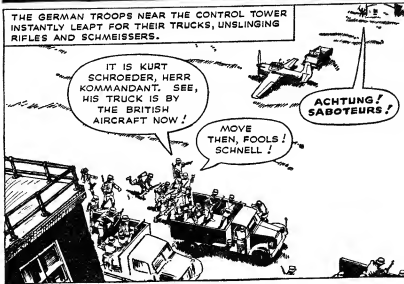


THE GERMAN TROOPS NEAR THE CONTROL TOWER INSTANTLY LEAPT FOR THEIR TRUCKS, UNSLINGING RIFLES AND SCHMEISSERS.

IT IS KURT
SCHROEDER, HERR
KOMMANDANT. SEE,
HIS TRUCK IS BY
THE BRITISH
AIRCRAFT NOW!

MOVE
THEN, FOOLS!
SCHNELL!

ACHTUNG!
SABOTEURS!



GIL TROY, LEX AND TOM WEST CROUCHED HELPLESSLY UNDER THE WING OF THE VSW-2. AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR, WITH VICTORY ALMOST WITHIN THEIR GRASP, THEY WERE TRAPPED...

MY OATH, THAT'S TORN IT! WE'LL NEVER GET THE VSW OFF THE DECK IN TIME NOW!



WALLY BROWN WAS STILL IN THE TRUCK. HE LOOKED BACK AT THE ADVANCING GERMANS WITH A SUDDEN DESPERATE URGENCY IN HIS THIN FACE...

THOSE THREE MOVED HEAVEN AND EARTH TO GET AS FAR AS THIS...AND NOW THEY'VE HAD IT! UNLESS...



WELL, THIS IS IT, CHAPS! THERE'S NOTHING MORE WE CAN DO. EXCEPT COME OUT WITH OUR HANDS UP...!

WALLY... WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WALLY!



IN THAT MOMENT, A SUDDEN INSPIRATION HAD LIFTED WALLY BROWN FAR ABOVE HIS FEARS...

STAY WHERE YOU ARE,
GENTS! YOU PICKED ME
UP WHEN I WAS A DEAD
'UN, SO I'VE GOT NOTHING
TO LOSE! YOU KEEP
HIDDEN... I KNOW
WHAT I'M DOING!

WALLY!

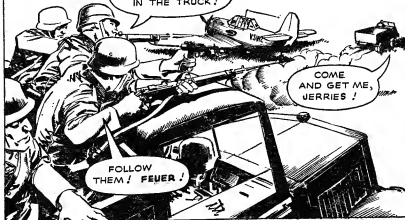


THE TRUCK ROARED AWAY FROM THE CAPTURED BRITISH PLANE WITH THE GERMANS CHASING AFTER IT...

ACHTUNG! THE
SABOTEURS ESCAPE
IN THE TRUCK!

COME
AND GET ME,
JERRIES!

FOLLOW
THEM! FEUER!



THE THREE HEROES GAPED AFTER
WALLY IN AWED AMAZEMENT...

I—I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
THE DEADBEAT'S GIVING
US A CHANCE TO ESCAPE!
HE'S DRAWING THE
JERRIES AWAY
DELIBERATELY!

HE'LL
NEVER DO
IT ALONE!

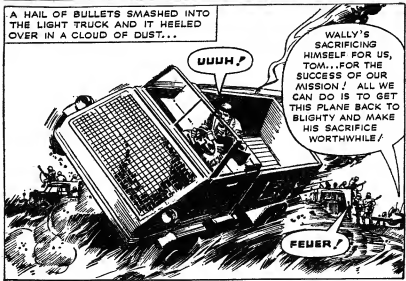


A HAIL OF BULLETS SMASHED INTO
THE LIGHT TRUCK AND IT HEELED
OVER IN A CLOUD OF DUST...

UUUH!

WALLY'S
SACRIFICING
HIMSELF FOR US,
TOM...FOR THE
SUCCESS OF OUR
MISSION! ALL WE
CAN DO IS TO GET
THIS PLANE BACK TO
BLIGHTY AND MAKE
HIS SACRIFICE
WORTHWHILE!

FEUER!



UNSEEN BY THE GERMANS CLOSING IN ON WALLY, THE THREE HEROES FLUNG THEMSELVES INTO THE VSW'S COCKPIT...



HECK, IF ONLY WALLY CAN KEEP THE JERRIES OCCUPIED FOR ANOTHER SIXTY SECONDS!

HE WILL! SOMEHOW I KNOW HE WILL!

WALLY BROWN WAS STILL ALIVE. HE HAD A GUN IN HIS AWKWARD HANDS AND A BRIGHT FLAME IN HIS EYES...



VORWAERTS!
RUSH THE
SABOTEURS!

A BULLET SMASHED INTO HIS ARM — HE SAGGED, BUT HE WOULD NOT GIVE IN...

I'VE GOT TO HOLD ON! IT'S NOT RIGHT FOR BLOKES AS BRAVE AS THAT TO BE ROUNDED UP WITH THEIR JOB HALF DONE...



THE THREE HEROES WERE ALREADY IN THE COCKPIT OF THE VSW-2. THEIR MISSION WAS ALMOST COMPLETED.

THE ENGINE'S CAUGHT...
RELEASE BRAKES. WE'RE
GOING TO MAKE IT,
CHAPS!

I HOPE—I
HOPE WALLY'S
STILL ALIVE TO
SEE THIS!

AS THE BLARE OF THE VSW'S ENGINE ECHOED ACROSS THE AIRFIELD, THE GERMANS SWUNG ROUND IN ALARM.

ACHTUNG! THE
BRITISH AIRCRAFT
TAKES OFF!

BLITZEN!
WE HAVE BEEN
TRICKED!



THE GERMANS CLOSED IN SAVAGELY ON THEIR LONE ENEMY, BUT THERE WAS A GRIN ON WALLY BROWN'S BLOOD-STAINED FACE NOW.

KILL THE
DEVIL WHO
TRICKED
US!

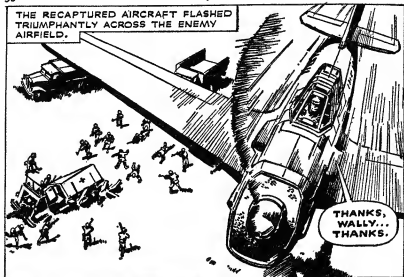
OKAY, JERRIES...
I'VE DONE WHAT
I WANTED TO DO. I
—I'VE GIVEN THOSE
BLOKES THE CHANCE
THEY DESERVED!

WITH TIGHT LIPS AND A NEW HUMILITY IN HIS TOUGH FACE, GIL TROY BANKED THE VSW-2 LOW OVER THE PERIMETER OF THE AIRFIELD.

WHAT ARE
YOU DOING,
GIL?

I'M GOING TO MAKE A
RUN ACROSS THE AIRFIELD
BEFORE WE GO! THERE'S
A BRAVER MAN THAN ANY
OF US DOWN THERE—AND
I WANT TO SALUTE
HIM!

THE RECAPTURED AIRCRAFT FLASHED TRIUMPHANTLY ACROSS THE ENEMY AIRFIELD.



THANKS,
WALLY...
THANKS.

THE RACING SHADOW OF THE AIRCRAFT PASSED BRIEFLY OVER A HUMBLE LITTLE MAN WITH BLOOD ON HIS FACE AND A GUN IN HIS DYING HANDS.



COR, THEY
WERE SUPERMEN,
THOSE THREE.
BUT—BUT MAYBE
I DID MY BIT!

THIRTY MINUTES LATER, AT AN AIRFIELD IN ENGLAND...



THEY MADE
IT! THEY
MADE IT!

RADIO
THE P.M. AND
THE AIR MINISTER,
WINGCO! TELL THEM
THAT TROY AND HIS
TWO COMPANIONS
HAVE BROUGHT BACK
THE V.S.W-TWO!

IT WAS A CHANGED SQUADRON LEADER GIL TROY WHO CLIMBED FROM THE COCKPIT OF THE RECAPTURED AIRCRAFT.

WELL DONE, TROY! WELL DONE. ALL OF YOU! YOU'LL BE PINNING UP NEW MEDALS AFTER THIS!

WITH RESPECT, SIR ...YOU CAN KEEP THE MEDALS.

I USED TO THINK HAVING THE V.C. MADE ME DIFFERENT TO OTHER MEN. WELL, I'VE LEARNED THAT I WAS WRONG. A CHAP CALLED WALLY BROWN TAUGHT ME THAT!



THE THREE HEROES TURNED
IN A LAST RESPECTFUL
SALUTE TO THE MAN WHO
HAD GIVEN HIS LIFE FOR
THEM...

BROWN ?
I DON'T THINK
I KNOW THE
MAN.

YOU WOULDN'T,
SIR...HE'S JUST AN
ORDINARY CHAP. BUT
WITHOUT HIM, WE
WOULD BE PRISONERS
NOW—OR DEAD !
**WALLY—YOU WERE
THE BRAVEST
MAN I'VE EVER
KNOWN !**



Printed in England by Fleetway Printers Ltd., 17 Sumner Street, London, S.E.1, and published each month by Fleetway Publications Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Sole Agents: Australasia, Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; Rhodesia, Zambia and Malawi, Messrs. Kingstons, Ltd. WAR PICTURE LIBRARY is sold subject to the following conditions, that it shall not, without the written consent of the Publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price as shown on the cover; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition, or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

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